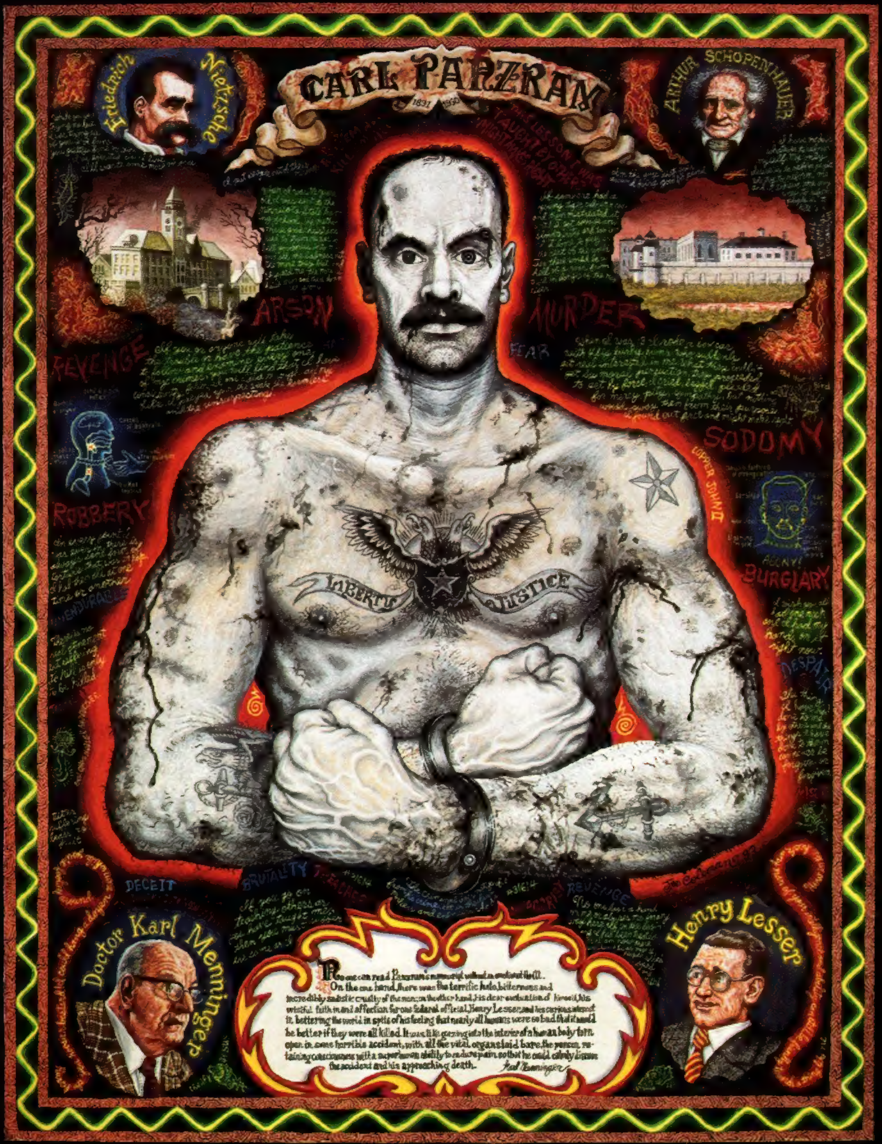
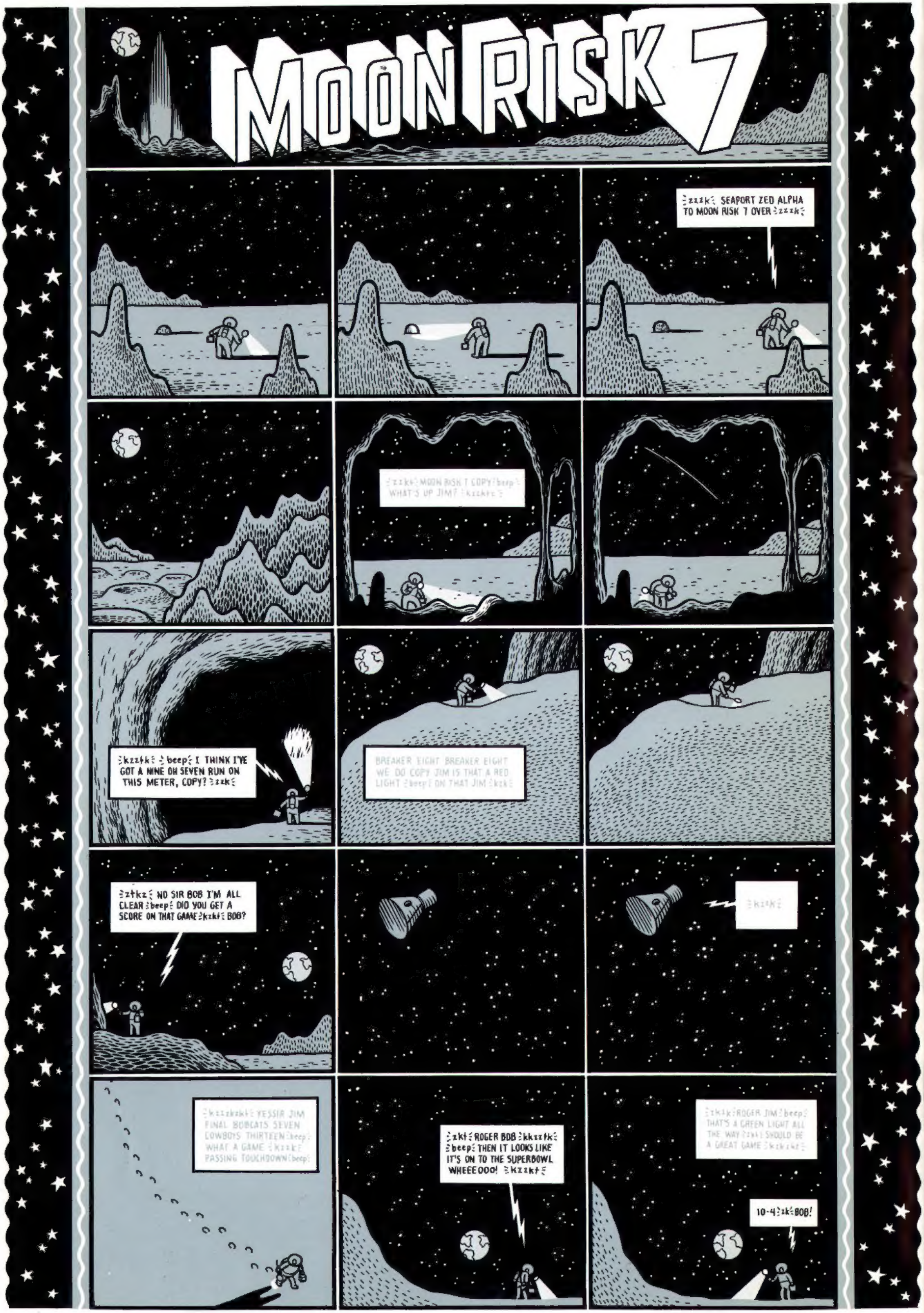
ZERO ZERO

SEPT./OCT. 1995



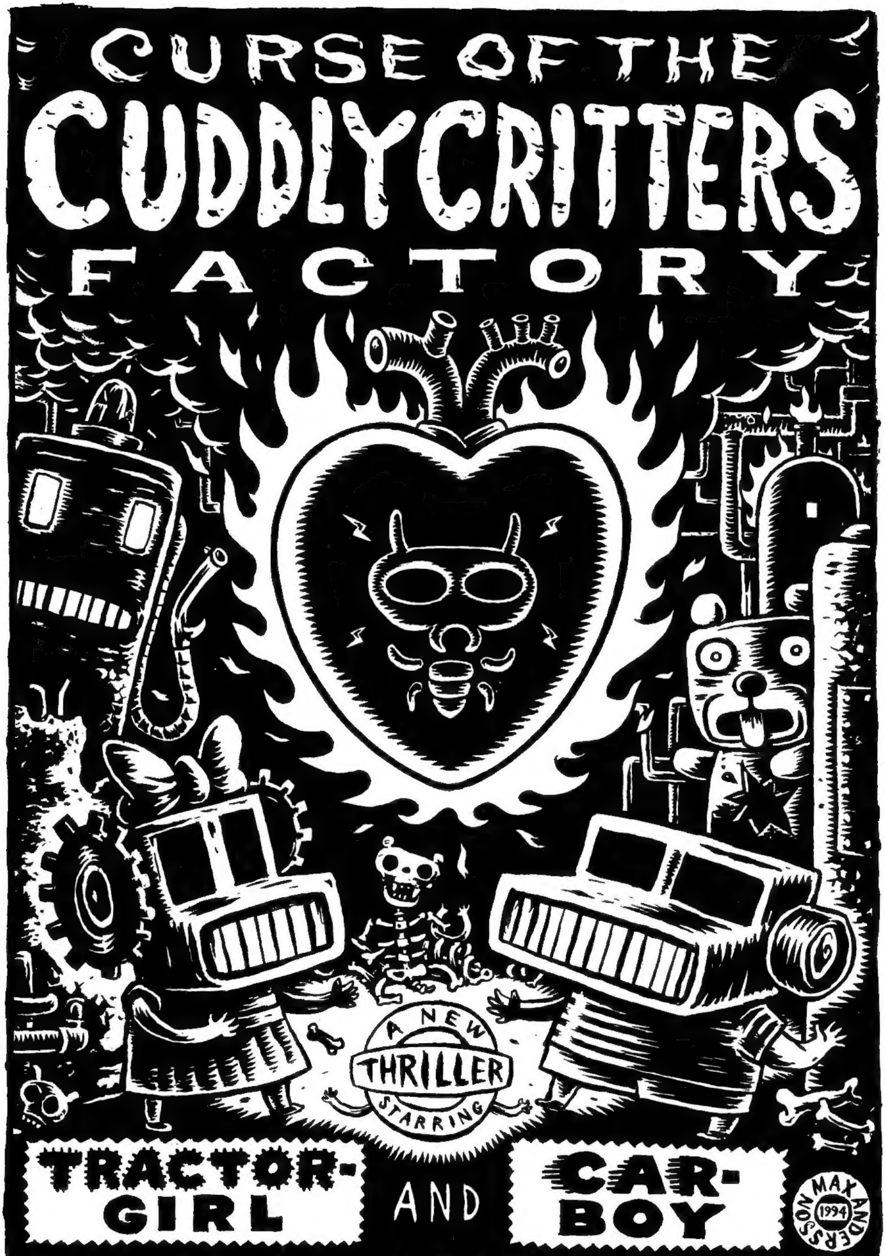
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

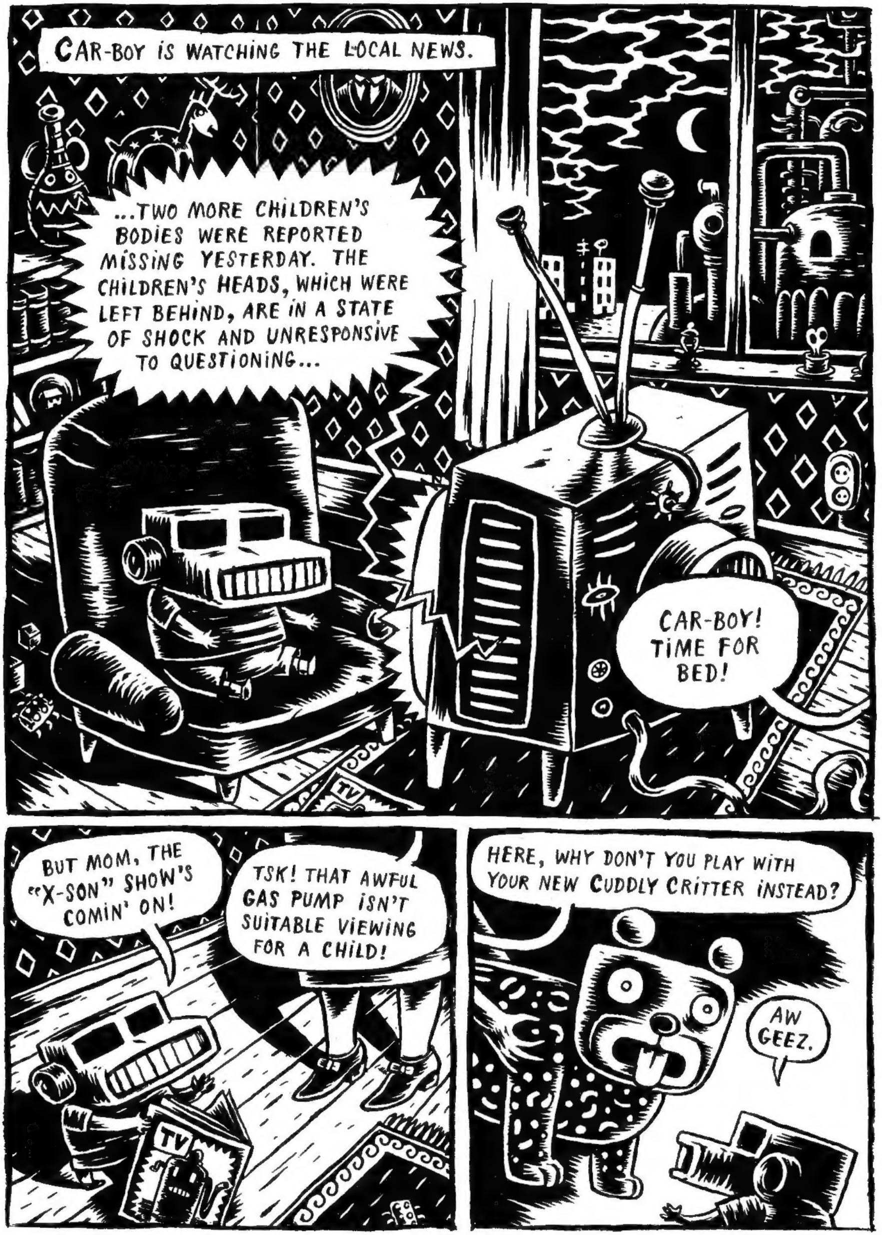

MOON RISK 7
zzzk SEAPORT ZED ALPHA TO MOON RISK 7 OVER zzzk
MOON RISK 7 COPY beep WHAT'S UP JIM?
kzzk beep I THINK I'VE GOT A NINE OH SEVEN RUN ON THIS METER, COPY? zzk
BREAKER EIGHT BREAKER EIGHT WE DO COPY JIM IS THAT A RED LIGHT beep ON THAT JIM kzk
ztkz NO SIR BOB I'M ALL CLEAR beep DID YOU GET A SCORE ON THAT GAME kzk BOB?
YESSIR JIM FINAL BOBCATS SEVEN COWBOYS THIRTEEN beep WHAT A GAME PASSING TOUCHDOWN beep
zkt ROGER BOB kkzztk beep THEN IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ON TO THE SUPERBOWL WHEEEOOO! kzzkt
ROGER JIM beep THAT'S A GREEN LIGHT ALL THE WAY SHOULD BE A GREAT GAME
10-4 zk BOB!

ZERO ZERO

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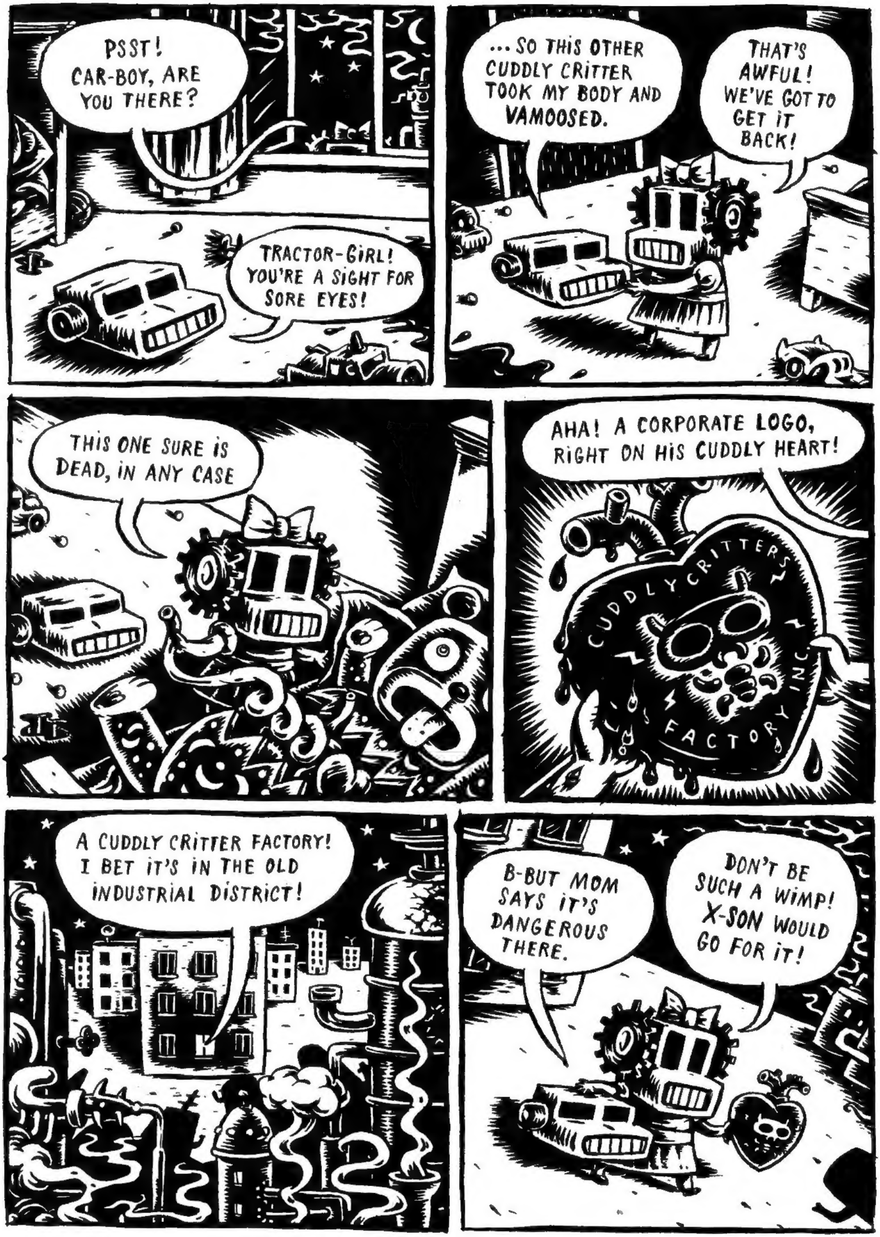

QUICKIE CLASSICS
OLIVER TWIST. . OLIVER IS BOOTED FROM AN ORPHANAGE FOR WANTING MORE.
BY DICKENS AND DEITCH
THE LAD FALLS IN WITH THIEVES!
...WHO TEACH HIM THE WAYS OF CRIME.
HE'S SAVED BY A WEALTHY MAN,...
...ONLY TO BE KID-NAPPED BY THE GANG WHO PLAN TO USE HIM TO ROB THE MAN.
A GIRL IN THE GANG INFORMS THE MAN OF THE PLOT.
BUT SHE'S OVERHEARD AND BRUTALLY MURDERED.
HOWEVER THE POLICE CLOSE IN AND JUSTICE,
...BOTH POETIC,
....AND OFFICIAL, PREVAILS!
Kim Deitch '95


CURSE OF THE
CUDDLYCRITTERS
FACTORY
A NEW
THRILLER
STARRING
TRACTOR-
GIRL
AND
CAR-
BOY
MAX ANDERSSON
1994


CAR-BOY IS WATCHING THE LOCAL NEWS.
...TWO MORE CHILDREN'S BODIES WERE REPORTED MISSING YESTERDAY. THE CHILDREN'S HEADS, WHICH WERE LEFT BEHIND, ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND UNRESPONSIVE TO QUESTIONING...
CAR-BOY! TIME FOR BED!
BUT MOM, THE "X-SON" SHOW'S COMIN' ON!
TSK! THAT AWFUL GAS PUMP ISN'T SUITABLE VIEWING FOR A CHILD!
HERE, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH YOUR NEW CUDDLY CRITTER INSTEAD?
AW GEEZ.


LATER
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU CREEP. I OUGHTA KICK YOUR BUTT!
WELL, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? THAT'S WHAT I WAS MADE FOR.
AWRIGHT, YOU ASKED FOR IT! EAT HOT STEEL, SUCKER!
THANKS, PAL. NOW I'M FREE— FREE AT LAST!
I JUST NEED YOUR BODY, THAT'S ALL.
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?
HE TRICKED ME!


MEANWHILE, AT HOME WITH CAR-BOY'S BEST FRIEND, TRACTOR-GIRL.
X-SON
... COMING UP: ANOTHER EXCITING RERUN OF "X-SON, GAS PUMP DICK"!
POOR CAR-BOY, HIS FOLKS WON'T LET HIM WATCH "X-SON"!
SUDDENLY
HEY, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL - WHAT'S HE DOING OUT SO LATE?
MEANWHILE
MO-OM! DA-AD! I'M RIGHT HERE!
OF COURSE YOU ARE. NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GO TO SLEEP.
CAR-BOY'S HEAD!
GOSH DARN IT, THEY DIDN'T NOTICE ME AMONG MY TOY CARS. I GUESS I SHOULDA CLEANED UP MY ROOM LIKE MOM TOLD ME TO.


PSST! CAR-BOY, ARE YOU THERE?
TRACTOR-GIRL! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!
...SO THIS OTHER CUDDLY CRITTER TOOK MY BODY AND VAMOOSED.
THAT'S AWFUL! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK!
THIS ONE SURE IS DEAD, IN ANY CASE
AHA! A CORPORATE LOGO, RIGHT ON HIS CUDDLY HEART!
CUDDLYCRITTERS FACTORY INC.
A CUDDLY CRITTER FACTORY! I BET IT'S IN THE OLD INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT!
B-BUT MOM SAYS IT'S DANGEROUS THERE.
DON'T BE SUCH A WIMP! X-SON WOULD GO FOR IT!


THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT: LAST STOP FOR UNEMPLOYED AND HOMELESS MACHINES.
YO KIDS! SPARE A QUARTER?
BUZZ OFF!
AUTOMAT
SUDDENLY
HEY LOOK! ISN'T THAT...
...X-SON!
X-SON, WAKE UP! WE'RE YOUR BIGGEST FANS!
HIC AH, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I AIN'T NUTHIN'.
BUT YOU'RE THE GREATEST TV DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD!
HA, HA. THAT WAS AGES AGO. I GOT THE BOOT BACK IN THE '70S, WHEN THE RATINGS WENT DOWN. NOW I'M JUST AN OLD PIECE-A-JUNK.



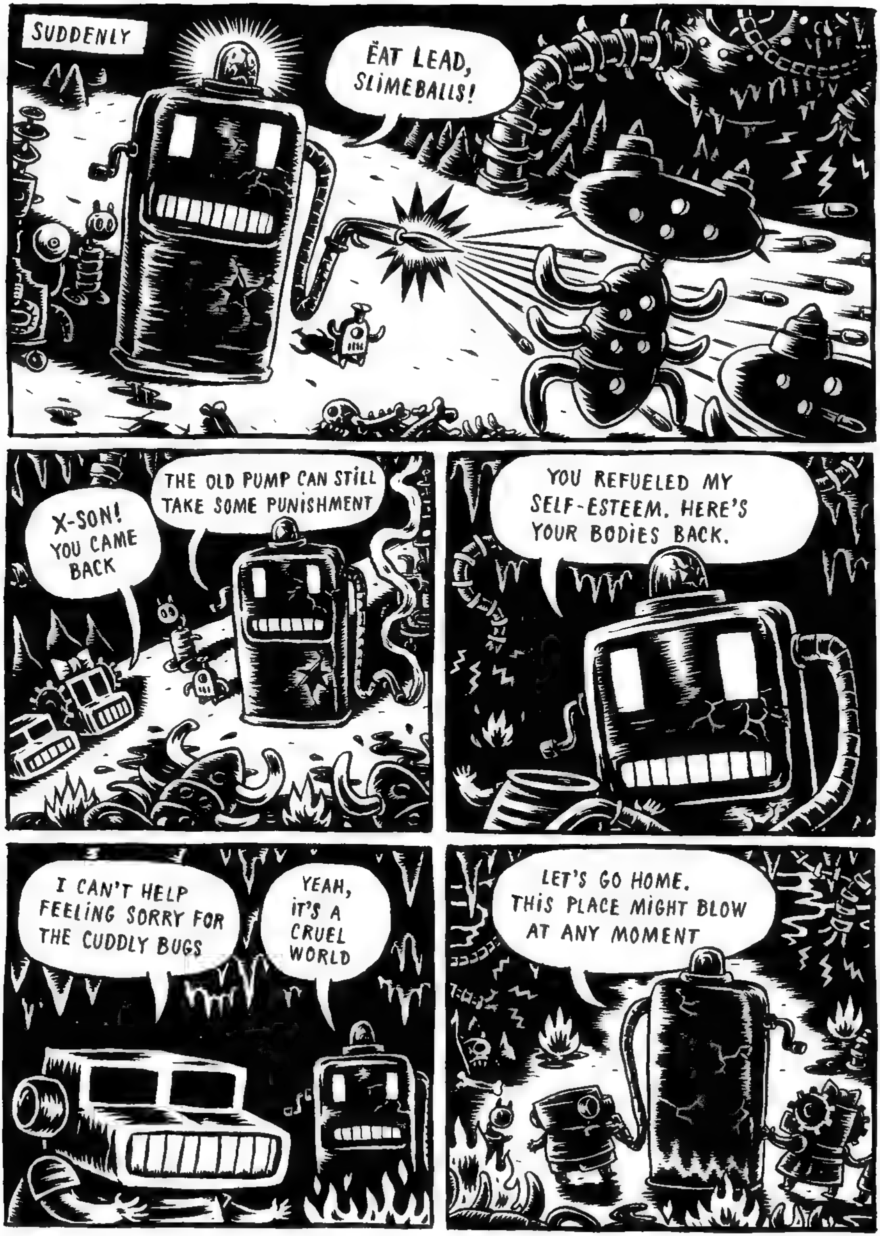
I CAN'T EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT ANYMORE. LOOKIT MY NOZZLE SHAKE!
SAY IT AIN'T SO, X-SON! WE BELIEVE IN YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP US!
A CUDDLY CRITTER STOLE MY FRIEND'S BODY. NOW WE'RE SEARCHING FOR THE FACTORY THAT MAKES THESE HEARTS!
IT AIN'T NO USE. LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M THROUGH.
SNIFF NOW WHAT?
HEY YOU! WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE CUDDLY CRITTERS FACTORY!
WE USED TO WORK THERE, BEFORE EVERYONE GOT CANNED. WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE IF YOU LIKE.


SOON
AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S PRETTY RUN DOWN. THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED NOW.
CUDDLY CRITTERS
FACTOR INC.
THAT'S STRANGE, THE LOGO'S DIFFERENT.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS. C'MON, LET'S CHECK THIS PLACE OUT.
BE CAREFUL, TRACTOR-GIRL. THE FLOOR LOOKS PRETTY ROTTEN!
SUDDENLY
YAAAH


JEEPERS! A PREHISTORIC FACTORY!
LOOK, THOSE FOSSILS HAVE THAT SAME LOGO
THIS MUST BE THE ORIGINAL CUDDLY CRITTERS FACTORY!
THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE FRIENDS. BUT WE CALL IT...
... THE CUDDLY BUG FACTORY!


LATER
YOU WICKED CREATURES! WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH OUR BODIES?
SHUT YOUR HOOD! ONCE, CUDDLY BUGS RULED THE WORLD. THIS WAS OUR FACTORY!
"BUT WE WERE DRIVEN OUT BY THE CUTER AND CUDDLIER MAMMALS!"
"HUMANS ALL FELL FOR THEIR SACCHARINE CHARM. WE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE."
"THEY THOUGHT WE'D DIED OUT, BUT SECRETLY WE LAID OUR LARVAE INSIDE THE CUDDLY CRITTERS AND SURVIVED AS PARASITES."
AND NOW IS THE HOUR OF OUR REVENGE!
YOU'RE CRAZY! THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR US!


NO THEY WON'T. OUR PLAN IS SIMPLE BUT BRILLIANT.
WE WILL HIDE INSIDE THE CHILDREN'S BODIES, AND THRIVE ON THEIR PARENTS' LOVE! THEY'RE TOO STUPID TO NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE.
THIS TIME NOTHING WILL STOP US. START UP THE LARVA-MATIC!
I'M SORRY I DRAGGED YOU INTO THIS, TRACTOR-GIRL.
AT LEAST WE'RE IN IT TOGETHER, CAR-BOY


SUDDENLY
EAT LEAD, SLIMEBALLS!
X-SON! YOU CAME BACK
THE OLD PUMP CAN STILL TAKE SOME PUNISHMENT
YOU REFUELED MY SELF-ESTEEM. HERE'S YOUR BODIES BACK.
I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR THE CUDDLY BUGS
YEAH, IT'S A CRUEL WORLD
LET'S GO HOME. THIS PLACE MIGHT BLOW AT ANY MOMENT


THE END


Quickie Classics
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
BY DREISER AND DEITCH
SONDRA
CLYDE
ROBERTA
Kim Deitch '95

MEAT BOX

PART 2

DRAWN BY: GEORGARAKIS
WRITTEN BY: KAZ






WELL, IF IT ISN'T NAPPY NO BRAIN, PUS-LAPPER! LATE WITH THE GOODS AS USUAL!
WE'LL, TAKE THAT BOX NOW!
THE TRAFFIC UP HERE WAS MURDER!
COME ON FELLERS, WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS BOX ANYWAY?
THIS BOX CONTAINS THE FROZEN REMAINS OF DRED'S TWIN SISTER, NEON.
YEAH. SHE TRIED TO PUT THE KIBOSH ON HER OWN BROTHER'S RACKETS SO, HE PUT HER ON ICE.
AND NOW SHE'LL BE KNOWN AS "THE FROZEN BEAUTY AT THE CARNIVAL " HAR-HAR!
DIABOLICAL!
LET'S SEE HOW SHE'S DOING IN HERE.
WHAT THE FUCK? ALL RIGHT, WHERE IS SHE?
THE FIRST THING WE'RE GONNA DO IS FONDUE YOUR BALLS!
THEN WE'RE GONNA HARD BOIL YOUR BRAINS.
BONK!



GO AHEAD, LITTLE MAN. RUN AWAY. GO ON, GO.
I'M GONE, DADDY. SOLID GONE.
THAT'S IT, LITTLE GNOME. RUN BACK TO ASH...
...AND LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THAT BOX.
PANT! DANT!
THERE'S NOBODY AROUND
MAN, DO I NEED TO RELEASE SOME TENSION.
YANK
I CAN'T STOP STARING AT HER. IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER I'D SAY-
I WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH HER
I PROMISED NAPPY I WOULDN'T OPEN THE BOX UNTIL HE GOT BACK, BUT I CAN'T WAIT.


CRACK
Woosh
MAN, IS SHE COLD!
I GUESS I'D BETTER CHECK TO SEE IF SHE STILL HAS A HEARTBEAT.

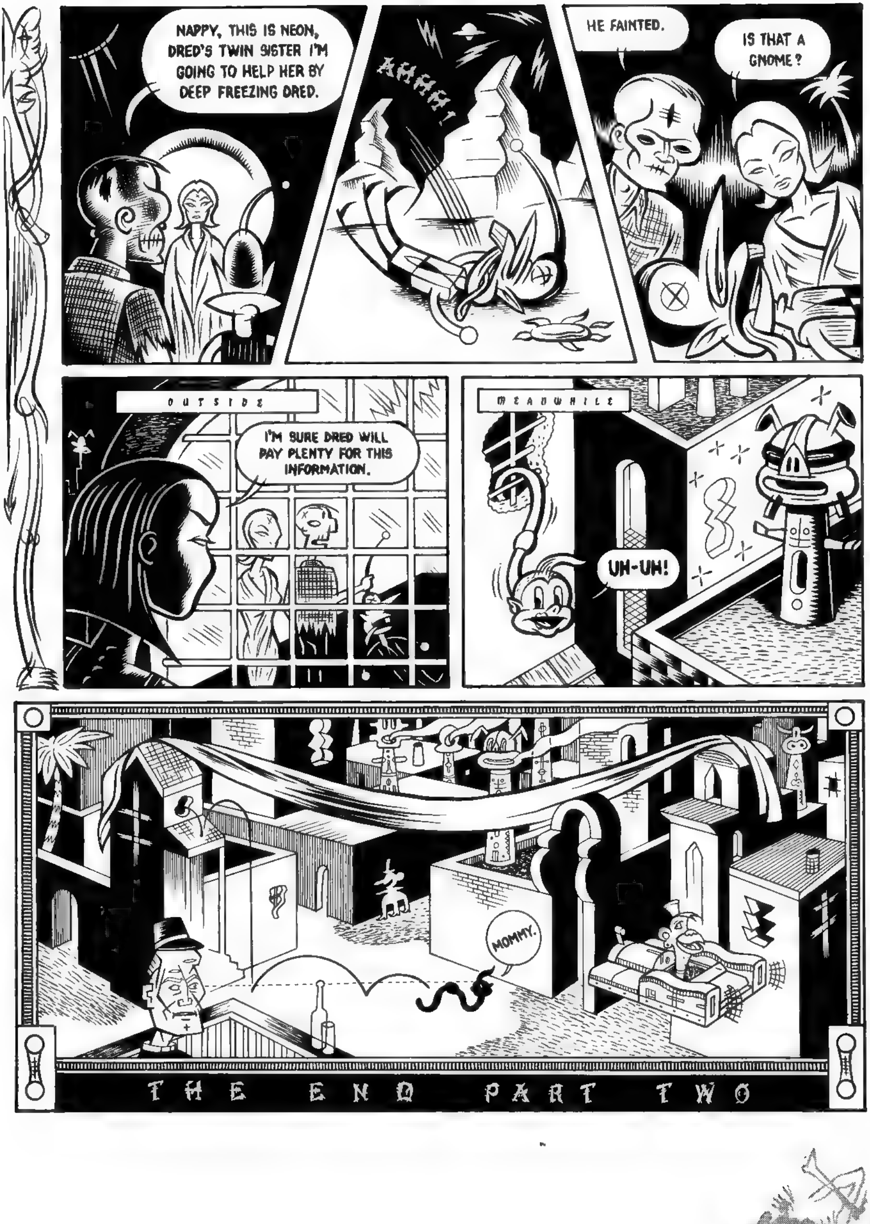



YUD. SHE'S STILL TICKING
UH, MAYBE I'D BETTER GET HER A BLANKET.
I'M FEELING ALL WEIRD AND NERVOUS NOW. MAYBE IF I FLOAT A LITTLE NOW IT WILL RELAX ME.
WHATEVER HAPPENS WITH THIS SLEEPING BEAUTY HERE I WON'T GET INVOLVED.
EVERYTHING IN NATURE IS EITHER THOUGHT OR EXTENSION.
MUST CONCENTRATE ON HIGHER THINGS.
ALL THOUGHTS ARE NATURE'S THOUGHTS.
AND IF YOU CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH - YOUR THOUGHTS WILL BECOME NATURE.
WOAH!
THE PROBLEM WITH DRED IS THAT HE'S FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE MATERIAL WORLD. IT'S SO MESSY. MY NAME IS NEON.
I'M ASH SO, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.


YES, THANKS TO YOU. ALTHOUGH I WAS FROZEN, I WAS CONSCIOUS THE WHOLE TIME AND DON'T WORRY, YOUR HAND ON MY CHEST FELT VERY TENDER.
MY BROTHER AND I ARE TEMPEST TWINS. WE WERE BORN OUT OF AN ALCHEMICAL STORM TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO OUR FATHER IS.
PROBABLY JUST SOME GNOME JERKING OFF IN THE WIND.
ULP! A GNOME?
WITH ME AROUND, MY BROTHER'S PERVERSE TENDENCIES ARE IN CHECK. BUT, WITH ME OUT OF THE WAY HE CAN INDULGE HIMSELF AND PLAY AT BEING A CRIMINAL. HE'S IN LOVE WITH THE MATERIAL WORLD AND ABHORS THE FEMININE.
UM... NO... I...
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE FEMININE, ARE YOU ASH?
POW
BOOM

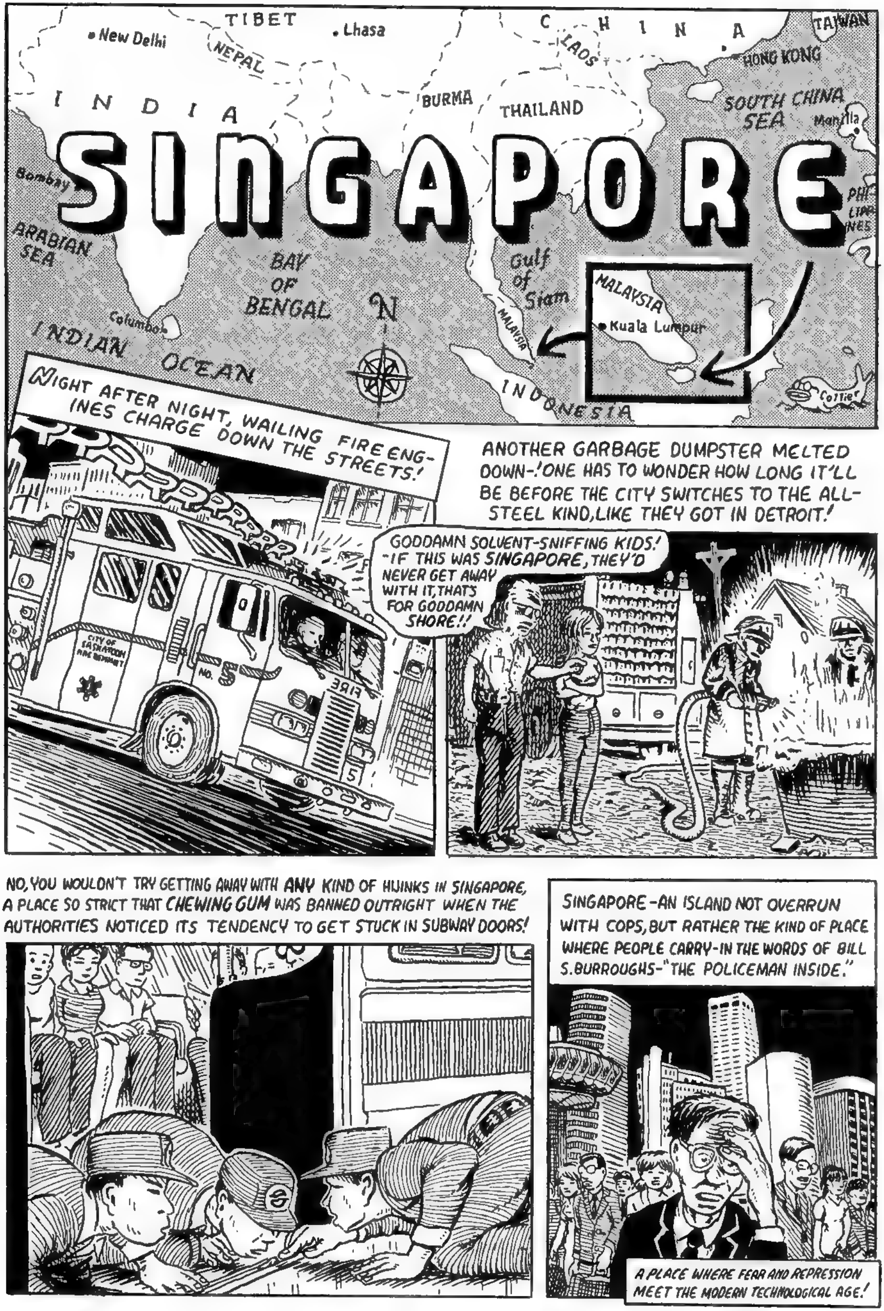

WOW! WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
I DID IT BECAUSE I WAS HAPPY.
YOU CAN DO IT TOO. IT ALSO WORKS WHEN YOU'RE MAD. GO AHEAD AND TRY. I'LL HELP YOU.
OK
ARRRGH!
THE WORM BOY
LOUNGE
WHAT IS IT BOSS?
I THOUGHT I HEARD MY SISTER'S VOICE.
SMOKE SOME MORE FLAKE!
THE KID'S READY, BOSS.
OH NO, MR DRED PLEASE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
WELL, IT'S VERY SIMPLE, TOMMY.


FIRST, WE CUT OFF YOUR HEAD.
THEN WE ATTACH A WORM BODY.
AND WA-LA! INSTANT TOMMY THE WORM BOY! HAR-HAR!
COME ON, KID. I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR BUNK.
-IN THE WESTERN FETISH ROOM-
COME ON BOYS- GIDDY YAP. YAHOOO!
YES, HURT ME!
SMOKE MORE
FLAKEY.
NO! HURT ME.
MEANWHILE WE FIND NAPPY NEARING ASH WEDNESDAY'S HOUSE FOLLOWED BY FLOATILLA.
MAYBE ASH AND I CAN RUN AWAY TOGETHER.
YOU SEE, YOU JUST CONCENTRATE ON FLOATING WITHOUT REALLY CONCENTRATING AND-
ASH!
DRED'S THUGS OPENED THE PHONY BOX THEN THEY TRIED TO KILL ME. THEN THIS GIANT TOLD ME TO RUN AND-
YOU OPENED THE BOX?
UGH!
BAM!


NAPPY, THIS IS NEON, DRED'S TWIN SISTER I'M GOING TO HELP HER BY DEEP FREEZING DRED.
AHHH!
HE FAINTED.
IS THAT A GNOME?
OUTSIDE
I'M SURE DRED WILL PAY PLENTY FOR THIS INFORMATION.
MEANWHILE
UH-UH!
MOMMY.
THE END PART TWO



Quickie Classics
THE JUNGLE BY UPTON SINCLAIR
LUST
NEVERENDING POUNDS OF FLESH!
GREED
STRIFE
THE SPOILS OF MONOPOLISTIC GREED!
MEAT TRUST
JUSTICE
SOCIAL JUSTICE NOW!
CHICAGO WILL BE OURS!
SOAP
Kim Deitch



TIBET
Lhasa
New Delhi
NEPAL
C H I N A
LAOS
TAIWAN
HONG KONG
I N D I A
BURMA
THAILAND
SOUTH CHINA SEA
Manila
SINGAPORE
Bombay
PHILIPPINES
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
Gulf of Siam
MALAYSIA
Columbo
N
Kuala Lumpur
MALAYSIA
INDIAN OCEAN
INDONESIA
Collier
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, WAILING FIRE ENGINES CHARGE DOWN THE STREETS!
CITY OF SASKATOON FIRE DEPARTMENT
NO. 5
FIRE
ANOTHER GARBAGE DUMPSTER MELTED DOWN-! ONE HAS TO WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL BE BEFORE THE CITY SWITCHES TO THE ALL-STEEL KIND, LIKE THEY GOT IN DETROIT!
GODDAMN SOLVENT-SNIFFING KIDS! -IF THIS WAS SINGAPORE, THEY'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, THAT'S FOR GODDAMN SHORE!!
NO, YOU WOULDN'T TRY GETTING AWAY WITH ANY KIND OF HIJINKS IN SINGAPORE, A PLACE SO STRICT THAT CHEWING GUM WAS BANNED OUTRIGHT WHEN THE AUTHORITIES NOTICED ITS TENDENCY TO GET STUCK IN SUBWAY DOORS!
SINGAPORE-AN ISLAND NOT OVERRUN WITH COPS, BUT RATHER THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CARRY-IN THE WORDS OF BILL S. BURROUGHS-"THE POLICEMAN INSIDE."
A PLACE WHERE FEAR AND REPRESSION MEET THE MODERN TECHNOLOGICAL AGE!

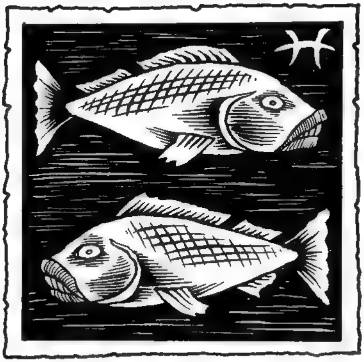

THIS HIGH-TECH "DISNEYLAND WITH THE DEATH PENALTY" CERTAINLY IS A FAR CRY FROM THE SLEEPY, SWAMPY ISLAND ON WHICH SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES FIRST ESTABLISHED AN EAST INDIA TRADING POST IN 1819!
IT WOULD BE "LAND HO," SIR.
THE INDIANA
A BETTER LOCATION COULD NOT BE IMAGINED!
AS A COLONIAL OUTPOST, SINGAPORE GAINED A REPUTATION AS AN EXOTIC LOCALE WITH A YEAR-ROUND HOT AND HUMID DAYTIME CLIMATE THAT GAVE WAY TO LUSH AND LANGUID NIGHTS...THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN UNDER THE CEILING FAN'S PULSING RHYTHMS!
A SINGAPORE SLING SAM, FOR ME-- AND THE LOVELY LADY-!
SINGAPORE'S BEEN TAMED DOWN AND CLEANED UP NOW--SO MUCH SO THAT LITTERING WILL COST YOU A $700.00 FINE; FAILING TO FLUSH A PUBLIC TOILET $100.00!
P-U DAVE! LUCKY WE DONT LIVE IN SINGAPORE 'ELSE WE'D BE EVEN POORER THAN WE ALREADY ARE!
ABSENT MINDED.
OOP
THESE LAWS SOUND KIND OF SILLY TO OUR FOREIGN EARS, BUT ONE HAS TO WONDER TO WHAT EXTENT THEY REFLECT THE PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASIES OF LEADER LEE KUAN YEW!
— GIVE A GUY ABSOLUTE POWER, AND ODDS ARE HE'LL END UP ACTING LIKE A PRICK!
LEE KUAN YEW WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A BAD GUY THOUGH...BACK IN THE '50'S IT TOOK ALOT OF GUTS TO FIGHT FOR SINGAPOREAN INDEPENDENCE! THINK ABOUT IT: A SMALL ISLAND ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS CHICAGO WITH A COUPLE OF MILLION PEOPLE AND NO NATURAL RESOURCES...TO CONTINUE AS A BRITISH COLONY WOULD'VE BEEN THE EASY WAY OUT, A PEACEFUL SLUMBER...MYSELF, WHEN I'M ASLEEP AT NIGHT, I HAVE DREAMS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY! I CAN SEE THEM NOW, ON THE STEPS TO AN AIRPLANE...
HEY I REALLY EMPATHIZE WITH YOU PEOPLE AND ALL OF THE MEDIA HASSLES YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH!
"FERGY"
I SENSED THAT I HAD BREACHED SOME SORT OF PROTOCOL BY BRINGING UP THE MEDIA THING, SO I HAD A TALK WITH CHARLES ABOUT CEREAL!
HEY-I NOTICE IT SAYS HERE, "BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES"! Y'KNOW, I LIKE WEETIBIX ALOT TOO!


IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS SINCE SINGAPORE GAINED INDEPENDENCE, AND YET FOR LEE KUAN YEW THE AMOUNT OF FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF SINGAPORE IS STILL INTOLERABLE! SO, TO THE WHITLEY DETENTION CENTER, YOU!
WHAT ARE YOUR AMERICAN CONNECTIONS?
PLEASE I-I HAVE NO IDEA!
WHO ARE YOUR AMERICAN FRIENDS?!
-72 HOURS STANDING ON A FREEZING SLAB OF FLOOR IN FRONT OF SKIN-BLISTERING LAMPS, UNDER AN AIR CONDITIONER TURNED ON FULL BLAST, AND YET-ACCORDING TO SINGAPOREAN AUTHORITIES, IT'S NOT TORTURE!
NEGATIVE PORTRAYALS OF THE COUNTRY IN THE FOREIGN PRESS ARE PARTICULARLY IRKSOME TO THE AUTHORITIES!
FOR SOME WESTERN PUBLISHING HOUSES, HOWEVER, RESTRICTIONS ON CRITICISM ARE MEANINGLESS!
IN SINGAPORE THEY HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF BANNING PUBLICATIONS EVEN MILDLY CRITICAL OF THEIR GOVERNMENT!
I DON'T THINK I'LL LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER THIS...
...WE'LL GET OUR LAWYERS ON 'EM AND KICK SOME ASS!
Filth
DIRTY PLOTTE
HARPER'S
In Singapore's defence, so many of their neighbours have had troubled pasts-just look at Cambodia-that getting along in a multi-racial, multi-religious society becomes a notion to cherish!
We can scoff at Lee Kuan Yew's pronouncements of "Society as #1, The Individual as part of society as #2," but it's revealing of a deeper mindset, a whole 'nother way of thinking!
Look at the panel above me for instance! Remove the dialogue, and you've got a scene that suggests to viewers from an European tradition; Gary going off on his own. The same picture shown to viewers from an Asian tradition however, suggests Kim and Jim excluding Gary!*
*This based on a recent study which involved pictures of schools of fish!
WE SHOULD TALK-THIS EAST-WEST BRAIN SPLIT COULD BE A BUNCH OF PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC MUMBO-JUMBO-THE DRIFT TOWARDS TOTALITARIANISM IS A PAINFUL THING TO WATCH WITH NO GEOGRAPHIC ADVANTAGE! IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS, THE POPULARITY OF UNIFORMS, THE YOUNG PEOPLE AT THE "WE SERVE" GAS STATIONS HAVING TO WEAR TIES...
KEEPING IT UP, AT THE TIME, JUST SEEMED SO CORNY!
REGULAR
She is of course, "just happy to have a job."
HERE AT HOME, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL WE DISCOVER THAT THE IDEA OF FREEDOM HAS COLLAPSED LIKE SOME LONG-NEGLECTED BARN FALLEN TO SHIT...



BUT THE WELL-FED ATROPHIED POPULATION ISN'T ABOUT TO COMPLAIN—FOR IF NOTHING ELSE, SINGAPORE REMAINS ONE GREAT EATING METROPOLIS! IMAGINE, THE SMELL OF CHINESE FOOD MIXING WITH THE SMELL OF SPICES FROM INDIA IN ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGE, RIGOROUSLY-INSPECTED-BY-THE-HEATH-DEPARTMENT OUTDOOR MARKETS...
OHH-I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN!!
3 for $10
1,000 YEAR OLD EGGS
新界
MOON CAKES
AND LET'S FACE IT, FOR MOST PEOPLE IT'S ENOUGH OF A LIFE: BIG MEALS AT THE FOOT OF A PLEASING, MRS. BUTTERWORTHIAN IDOL!
GLASS SMASHED OUT OF THIS PHONE BOOTH AGAIN! WHY DO THEY EVEN BOTHER TO REPLACE IT ANYMORE?
NO GLASS IN THE WINTER WOULD BE CRUEL!
SaskTel
IN SINGAPORE THEY ROUTINELY FLOG PEOPLE FOR PETTY OFFENCES!
MAYBE IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP A HETEROGENEOUS SOCIETY TOGETHER!
BUT SO WHAT IF THINGS AREN'T ALL TOGETHER? REMEMBER THE BUS RIDE WE HAD THROUGH INNER-CITY DETROIT A FEW MONTHS AGO?
GMC
YEAR AFTER YEAR, THROUGH NIGHT AND DAY, WE'VE TAKEN THAT LONG BUS RIDE BETWEEN THE TUNNEL AND YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT...
AH'M GONNA SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
HAW-HAW!
YO! YO!
THESE KIDS ARE A GODDAMM PAIN IN TH' ASS!
THE KIDS ON THE BUS LAUGHING AND GOOFIN' AROUND, NONE OF THEM WERE BORN BEFORE 1975; LONG AFTER DETROIT CEASED TO 'WORK' IN THE MANNER OF A SINGAPORE... YET- LIFE GOES ON, IT DON'T NEED STRUCTURE, IT DON'T NEED ORDER...
The End


Quickie Classics
THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS
WRONGLY IMPRISONED, EDMUND DANTES HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND PRISON BY HIDING IN A CANVAS SHROUD THAT HAS BEEN TOSSED IN THE SEA FOR BURIAL.
MONTE CRISTO
WITH A MAP GIVEN TO HIM BY A FELLOW PRISONER, HE DISCOVERS A FABULOUS TREASURE ON THE ISLAND OF MONTE CRISTO.
MONTE-CRISTO
FERNAND
VILLEFORT
DANGLARS
CALLING HIMSELF THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, HE SETS OUT TO AVENGE HIMSELF UPON THE THREE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS IMPRISONMENT.
MONTE-CRISTO
BUT REVENGE IS NEITHER SWEET OR NEAT. INNOCENT LIVES ARE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE GUILTY.
NOR IS HE RE-UNITED WITH HIS LONG LOST LOVE, WHO HAS BECOME A BROKEN WOMAN; OLD BEFORE HER TIME.
INSTEAD HE SAILS AWAY TO PONDER THE SAD IRONIES OF HUMAN EXISTENCE WITH HIS PRETTY YOUNG MISTRESS.
ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch



the Chuckling Whatsit

Previously—

Broom is the new "Venus," astrology columnist for the Guardian. While writing his first installment, in the apartment of his predecessor, the late Cyril Root, he allows Abigail Aberdevine to search the place for information concerning mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, who Root once researched. That same night, Broom learns that several local astrology columnists have been viciously murdered by a maniac who is still at large.




?
Where is she?
Mandrill, you fool! You lost her!
Lost her.
2


Hello, sir. Welcome to G.A.S.H.
er~ G.A.S.H.?
The Ghoul Appreciation Society Headquarters. May I be of some assistance?
I~uh~ was told there was a meeting?
One moment. I'll notify the director.
Sir? A visitor.
3

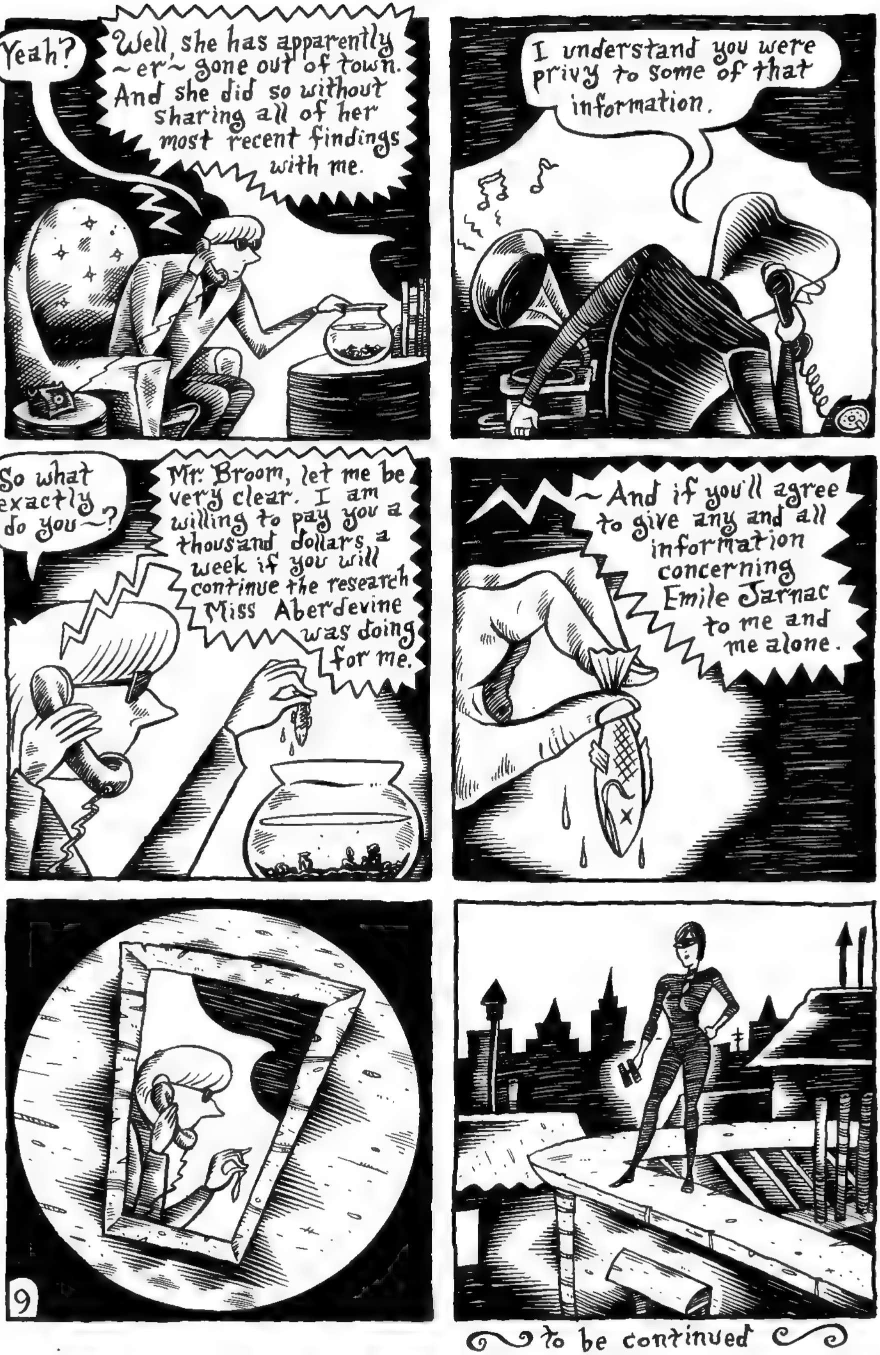

Our little fish took the bait. It was a cinch to hook him.
And wait 'till you see what I found... Nope... You'll just have to be patient. Bye bye.
4

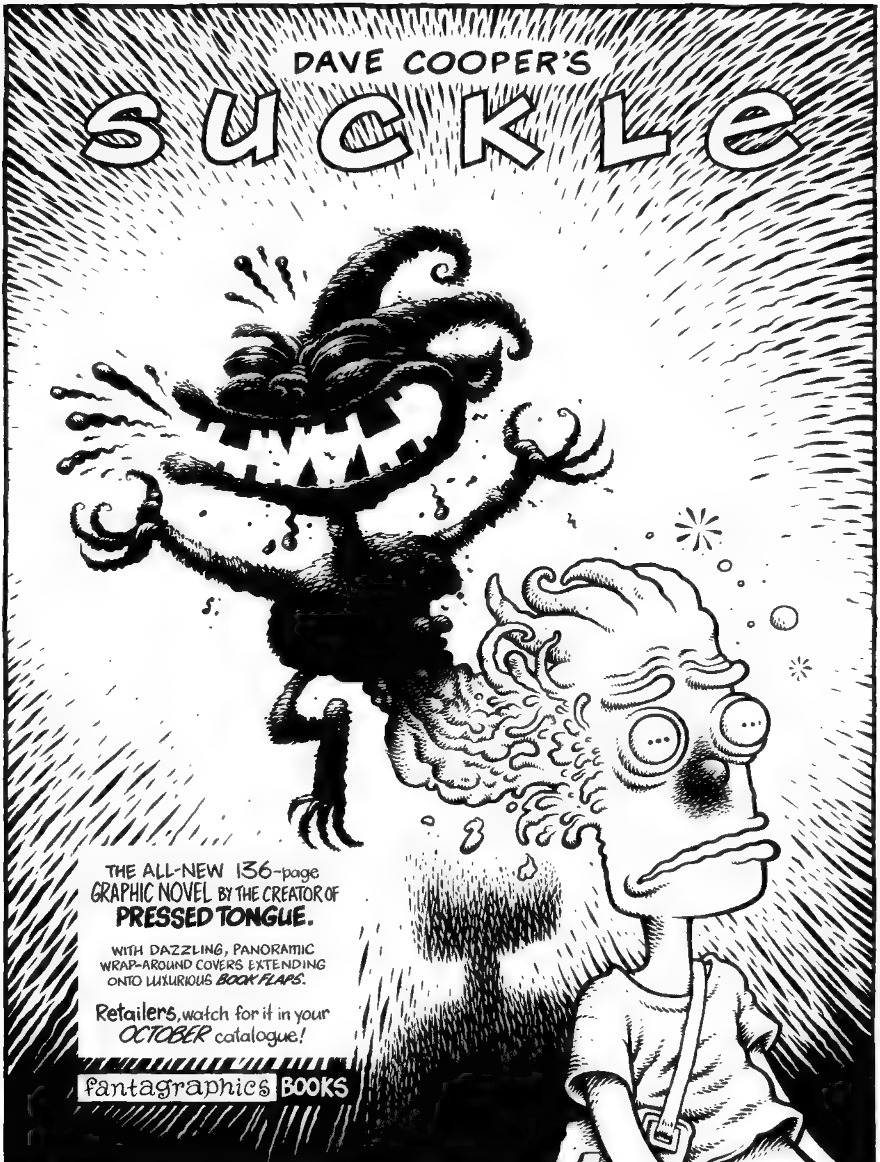

Well~hello! Always nice to meet another Ghoul aficionado! How do you do? I'm Mr. Warm.
Our little club must be acquiring quite a reputation, eh, Miss Honeymoon? People now drop by at all hours of the night.
Yes, sir.
scribble scribble
Um, actually, I just wanted some information~
~About the Ghoul! Of course! That's why we're here! Follow me!
scribble scribble
G.A.S.H. was founded by serious students of one of the Bay Area's most fascinating & infamous figures: The Gull Street Ghoul! Our library contains every book written about him, as well as articles, personal reminiscences, and so on.
Since the Ghoul was never caught, his identity has been a topic of lively debate among true crime scholars for many years.
scribble scribble
Who was he? Why did he commit such horrible deeds? What did he do with the ~er~ pieces of his victims he took with him? ~ The hanks of hair, the slices of skin?
5


He used a most unusual blade. Here is an artist's conception, made from studying the wounds of the victims.
#2
One witness claimed the Ghoul appeared to wear a curious leather-like mask, possibly made from human skin! Ha ha!
Wonderfully gruesome, isn't it? Follow me.
Here in our cozy study are the core members of our club ~
Mr. Zaraka, Mr. Kilvaine...
...Mr. Muldavo and Mr. Wreath...
...And, of course, our loyal secretary, Miss Honeymoon. Takes down every word I say, don't you, my dear?
Yes, sir.


They've come for our monthly meeting ~ at 4 a.m. ~ the hour of the final Ghoul murder, thirty years ago.
Unfortunately, our meetings are private. Members only, I'm afraid. G.A.S.H. is very exclusive. And we're not accepting any new members at this time. However, the public is welcome to use our library ~ during normal business hours.
Actually, I wanted to ask a question about those new Ghoul murders ~ the ones involving astrologers ~
Ah, yes ~ hmm. Well, that's pure poppycock. Some piker masquerading as our beloved original. Sorry. Can't help you there. Good-bye.
I saw him going into Root's place. He knows something.
7


HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA
Ring Ring~
Ring Ring
ZZZZ~ huh?
Ring Ring
Hello?
Mr. Broom? My name is Peeke. I believe you know an employee of mine~ Miss Aberdevine.


Yeah?
Well, she has apparently ~er~ gone out of town. And she did so without sharing all of her most recent findings with me.
I understand you were privy to some of that information.
So what exactly do you~?
Mr. Broom, let me be very clear. I am willing to pay you a thousand dollars a week if you will continue the research Miss Aberdevine was doing for me.
~And if you'll agree to give any and all information concerning Emile Jarnac to me and me alone.
to be continued


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Quickie Classics

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



ADAPTED BY Kim Deitch


HOMVNCVLVS: HIS VISION BY MACK WHITE
I HAVE TOLD HOW I WAS BORN AGAIN— HOW MY FATHER DIONYSUS SAVED ME FROM THE CROSS BY CAUSING MY PSYCHE TO PASS INTO MY PARASITIC TWIN WHICH THEN SEPARATED FROM THE HOST BODY, AND HOW THUS NEWLY INCARNATED IN THE SMALLER BODY, I WAS ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH THE BARS OF MY PRISON AND SO AVOID THE IGNOBLE DEATH OF CRUCIFIXION. NOW HEAR OF MY FLIGHT INTO THE WILDERNESS AND OF THE WONDROUS VISION WHICH WAS GIVEN ME IN THAT PLACE . . .
WHEN I HAD GONE A GOOD DISTANCE, I STOPPED TO REST AND CONSIDER MY SITUATION. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT MY SMALL SIZE (I STOOD LOWER THAN KNEE-LEVEL TO A NORMAL-SIZED MAN WOULD BE A DISADVANTAGE HERE IN THE WILDERNESS, MAKING TRAVEL BOTH SLOW AND DANGEROUS. I THEREFORE DECIDED TO HEAL MYSELF . . .
BY THE POWER OF MY DIVINE BIRTH, I CONJURE FOR MYSELF A NORMAL-SIZE BODY—
NO, MAKE THAT BIGGER, AS BETTER BEFITS A GOD!
SO SAYING, I SAT DOWN TO AWAIT THE RESULT . . .
MY WAIT PROVED MUCH LONGER THAN EXPECTED . . .
WHILE I WAS PRISONER, THE ROMANS HAD USED MAGIC TO NEUTRALIZE MY MAGIC. YET I HAD ASSUMED—WRONGLY, I NOW REALIZED—THAT MY FATHER HAD RESTORED MY POWER. I CRIED OUT . . .
O MY FATHER, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?
YOUR FATHER HAS NOT FORSAKEN YOU. . . .


DID HE NOT SAVE YOU FROM THE CROSS?
MOTHER!
IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE I HAD SEEN MY MOTHER. SHE WAS A GODDESS NOW, HAVING–LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER SEMELE–BEEN DEIFIED BY ZEUS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN HER SINCE HER MOVE TO OLYMPUS–AND HOW CHANGED SHE WAS! DEIFICATION GREATLY BECAME HER, I THOUGHT...
YOU PRESENTLY HAVE NO POWER BECAUSE THAT POWER DERIVED FROM THE SYMBIOSIS WITH YOUR TWIN. TO REGAIN YOUR POWER...
...YOU MUST GO BACK AND REUNITE WITH HIM...
BUT, MOTHER– HE'S DEAD! I SAW HIM DIE ON THE CROSS!
NO, HE DID NOT DIE! BEHOLD THIS VISION OF WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU LEFT!
FOOL! YOU CRUCIFIED THE WRONG MAN!
BUT–DIDN'T YOU SAY PRISONER XIV?





SINCE HER ARRIVAL, MY MOTHER HAD GRADUALLY SHRUNK DOWN TO MY SIZE. YET, NOW, AS SHE PREPARED TO LEAVE, SHE DID NOT RETURN TO HER OLYMPIAN SIZE, BUT REMAINED SMALL, THE BETTER TO RIDE ON THE BACK OF THE STRANGE CREATURE WHICH NOW FLEW DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT SKY . . .


TAKE HEART, MY SON. HERCULES HAD TWELVE LABORS–YOU HAVE BUT THIS ONE...
SO SAYING, SHE FLEW AWAY. I IMMEDIATELY BEGAN MY "LABOR." IT MAY HAVE BEEN ONLY ONE, BUT TO ME IT WAS EQUAL TO HERCULES' TWELVE. I FACED A DAUNTING TASK–FINDING MY WAY BACK THROUGH THE FOREST, AT NIGHT. LUCKILY, THE MOON WAS FULL. BUT, EVEN WITH THAT LIGHT, I COULD NOT BE CERTAIN I WAS ON THE RIGHT PATH . . .
I HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN I BECAME AWARE OF VOICES UP AHEAD. QUICKLY, I HID BEHIND A TREE . . .
THE VOICES GOT CLOSER. I GOT DOWN ON MY HANDS AND KNEES AND CRAWLED DEEPER INTO THE SHADOWS . . .
SUDDENLY, A LARGE OBJECT FELL ON ME...
OOF!
I WAS UNHURT, BUT IN MY FEAR AND CONFUSION, CRIED OUT...
?
HELP!
HELP!
GASP CAN IT BE?!...I SHAT A HOMUNCULUS!


LOOK WHAT I SHAT!
A HOMUNCULUS!
HE'LL FETCH A FINE PRICE!
OH NO—YOU'RE NOT SELLING HIM! I SHAT HIM! HE'S MINE!—JUST LIKE I'D GIVEN BIRTH!...
YOU LAUGH! BUT 'TIS NOT STRANGE AT ALL! ZEUS GAVE BIRTH THROUGH HIS THIGH, DID HE NOT?...
SO WHY NOT I EX ANO?
HAND IT OVER, EUNUCH, OR I'LL CLEAN YOUR "WOMB" WITH THIS!
©95 MACK WHITE
AND SO I WAS CAPTURED BY PIRATES AND TAKEN AWAY IN A BOAT BOUND FOR DELOS, WHERE THE SLAVE MARKET WAS. I KNEW I WOULD NEVER FIND MY TWIN NOW. I WOULD NEVER REGAIN MY DIVINITY. ALL I COULD LOOK FORWARD TO WAS A LIFETIME OF SLAVERY, PERHAPS AS AN EXOTIC PET FOR SOME WEALTHY ROMAN. DEATH WOULD BE BETTER. AND, INDEED, DEATH SEEMED NEAR. FOR IT WAS A HARD JOURNEY, WITH MANY TERRIBLE STORMS...

Editor Kim Thompson

Art Directors Jim Blanchard, Peppy White

Production Assistant Loren Trayes

Cover Joe Coleman

Back Cover Justin Green

Contributing Cartoonists (present) Max Andersson, David Collier, Kim Deitch, Timothy Georgarakis, Kaz, Richard Sala, Chris Ware, Mack White

Contributing Cartoonists (past & future) Rick Altergott, Max Andersson, Mark Beyer, Charles Burns, Dan Clowes, Al Columbia, Dame Darcy, Mike Diana, Michael Dougan, Bob Fingerman, Mary Fleener, Drew Friedman, Justin Green, Bill Griffith, Sam Henderson, David Holzman, Jeff Johnson, Matsi?, David Mazzucchelli, Pat Moriarity, Mark Newgarden, Archer Prewitt, Frank Stack, Ted Stearn, Henriette Valium, Chris Ware, Mack White, Skip Williamson, J.R. Williams, Jim Woodring

Promotion Chris Jacobs, Eric Reynolds

Circulation Matt Counts, Kitty Ireland

MORETHANZERO...

As we lumber on toward the end of its first year of publication, **ZERO ZERO** takes an increasingly heavy toll: art director **Jim Blanchard**, introduced just a few months ago with great fanfare, has left the company (and the production of **ZERO ZERO**) to devote himself to freelance pursuits (including the inking of **Peter Bagge**'s **HATE**). A five-year Fantagraphics veteran, JimB will be missed; his replacement (for the nonce — the way things are going, God knows who'll be art directing **ZERO ZERO** by next spring) is **Peppy White**, who finished up this issue. Thanks, Pep!

There is very little interesting to say about the interior contributors to this issue of **ZERO ZERO**, most of whom are repeats from previous issues. (Yow! Are we complacent and inbred yet?) We had hoped to give you the lowdown on **Timothy Georgarakis**, but after intensive research it turns out that Mr. G., who works as a commercial illustrator in the City of the Angels, has led an extremely boring life where comics are concerned: His only previous major pen-'n'-ink appearance was in **SNAKE EYES** #3 (a one-page illustration). For the record, however, "Timothy Georgarakis" is not a pseudonym for **Kaz**.

Fortunately, our covers this month feature three true titans about whom much can be, has, and will be said.

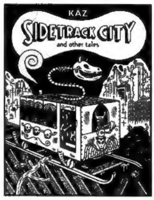
Chris Ware, who provided our inside cover, may be this generation's "man who needs no introduction." Eagle-eyed readers will have noticed that the strip that appears herein is not the same as the one from which last issue's "next-issue" detail was excerpted. There is a thoroughly uninteresting story behind that.

Our back cover spills from the prodigious pen of **Justin Green**, a giant among giants whose work, after a long drought, is suddenly available everywhere. Most exciting is the release of Last Gasp's new **BINKY BROWN SAMPLER**, a 96-page tome that includes the entire, classic "Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary." This is where confessional autobiographical comics began (and, arguably, should have ended). In the months to come, Last Gasp will also release **JUSTIN GREEN: 25 YEARS UNDERGROUND**, a matching volume that collects the strips that didn't make it into the **SAMPLER**. Also, a collection of Green's "Musical Legends" strips (as seen in Tower's PULSE magazine) is in the planning stages, and for real hard-core Green fans, ST Publications will be releasing **JUSTIN GREEN'S SIGN GAME**, an 80-page collection of the "how-to" strips on the art and science of signpainting Green has been creating for the trade magazine **SIGNS OF THE TIMES** since 1987. To order this $12.95 tome (plus $3.00 shipping), call 1-800-925-1110 and ask for "order #30," or write them at ST Publications, 407 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, OH 45202. Tell them **ZERO ZERO** sent you.

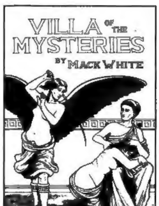


As for the lovely, talented, and terrifying **Joe Coleman**, whose portrait of Carl Panzram graces this issue's cover (mass murder fans note: rumor has it Hollywood is preparing a Panzram film biography movie starring James Woods), your best one-stop-shopping for Colemania remains **COSMIC RETRIBUTION**, the Feral House/ Fantagraphics collection of Coleman's strips and paintings (available from Fantagraphics for $22.95—call 800-657-1100 to order). We would be severely remiss if we failed to mention that **GATES OF HECK**, under the direction of the lovely and talented but not terrifying at all **Kathryn Gates**, has released two limited-edition Coleman projects (both in-depth dissections of one of his greatest paintings, "Man of Sorrows"); to receive a copy of GoH's catalogue (an objet d'art in and of itself), send $4.00 to Gates of Heck, P.O. Box 23073, Richmond, VA 23223.

While you've got your stamps out, you can also write to **Richard Sala**, author of **"The Chuckling Whatsit,"** at 2625 Alcatraz Avenue, #183 Berkeley, CA 94705. If you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope you'll get his list of original art, prints, books and other artifacts for sale, and you'll be glad you did.



More books by **ZERO ZERO** contributors! We told you last time around about **Kaz's SIDETRACK CITY** (this time we even have a cover reproduction); in November, Fantagraphics will be releasing **VILLA OF MYSTERIES**, a half-new, half-reprint (from **SNAKE EYES**) collection of work from "Homunculus" creator **Mack White**. Don't miss either one!



Finally, I would like to give a hearty endorsement to three other anthologies whose recent issues have thrilled and amazed even this jaded old anthology-assembler: **BLAB** #8 (an amazing issue in both format and content—it's pricy, but well worth the price), **DRAWN AND QUARTERLY VOL. II** #3 (always a class act, and the last holdout for those of us who enjoy that furrin artsy stuff), and the feisty and **LAST GASP COMICS AND STORIES** #3 (including work by ZZ homeboy **Max Andersson** and a slew of other wackos). They are the shit, so buy 'em now!

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PAST: (what you missed)



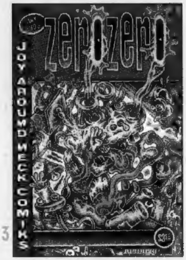
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MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



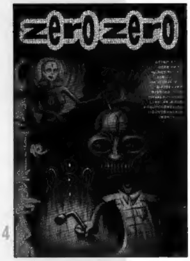
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MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!



3

JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofus creator Rick Altergott's insane "Douche Bag Dougan"!



4

AUGUST 1995! Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!

PRESENT: (do it now!)

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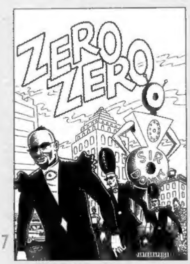
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FUTURE: (what's coming up)



6

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995! Kim Deitch returns with a new sequel to "Shadowland"! A new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter by Ted Stearn! Plus Rick Altergott, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Skip Williamson, and Bob Fingerman!



7

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996! Feature-length Bill Griffith cover story! Special gruesome Christmas Max Andersson tale! Plus new chapters of Sala and Deitch's serials, and a "Signs of the Apocalypse" back cover by Dave Collier!



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